

Don't look back

by Musiusi

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Summary: "â€|Hello?..."Kenma?" "Kuroo? â€|You know what time it is, right?" "It doesn't matter, justâ€| Pay attention, ok?" "â€|Kuroo, what the hell? It's midnight and-" "-Kenma." "â€|Fine, go ahead." It was at that moment that Kenma knew something was odd.

Don't look back

****_Chapter One: Running Away_****

It was a fresh and clear night, Kozume Kenma was playing video games in his bedroom like he did any other night. Everything seemed completely normal. That is, until his phone started buzzing alerting him of a new call.

"â€|Hello?"

"Kenma?"

"Kuroo? â€|You know what time it is, right?"

"It doesn't matter, justâ€| Pay attention, ok?"

"â€|Kuroo, what the hell? It's midnight and-"

"-Kenma."

"â€|Fine, go ahead."

It was at that moment that Kenma knew something was odd. Kuroo wasn't the kind of person that would call him so late at night, even knowing that he'd probably be awake. Also, there was something different in his voice. It was too serious for Kenma's liking.

"â€|Look. This may sound weird and out of place, but I need you to do everything I'm going to ask you to doâ€| Ok?"

"â€| " He didn't know how to answer. Just what the hell was wrong with Kuroo?

"â€| Kenma?"

"â€|.Ok."

"â€|First, I need you to take all your important stuff. Justâ€| Don't take anything too big or hard to carry."

"â€|" Silence was all the blonde could offer at that moment. He truly couldn't understand Kuroo's intentions.

"Kenma, I'm gonna make a question, and I need you to answer honestly, pleaseâ€|"

"â€|" Kenma predicted the question Kuroo was going to ask. It was a question he knew too well.

"-Do you trust me?"

The question broke the blonde out of his thoughts, of course he did! Why was Kuroo acting so weird so suddenly?

"â€|Kuroo-"

"-Just answer Kenma. Do you trust me or not?" At this point Kuroo was starting to sound scary.

"â€|Yes. Yes, I trust you, Kuroo." The change in Kenma's tone clicked an alert in his taller friend.

"â€|Sorry for talking to you that way, butâ€| This is important. As in, incredibly important. You have no idea how important it is, Kenma... Hehâ€|" He chuckled, but it was an empty sound.

"â€|Ok yeah, I trust you, andâ€| I'm gonna try, justâ€| Keep telling me what to getâ€|" _This needs to be a jokeâ€| Please, tell me that this is a joke._ Kenma thought.

He was worried. Actually, he was hoping to hear Kuroo's laugh from the other line of the phone, saying something like: _'I got you!'_ and _'Why do you worry so much?_' or _'How could you take this seriously?_'_ â€"anything! But it never came.

"First, as I already said, get your personal stuff, everything and anything you think you'll need, as long as it's not heavy or difficult to carry. It'd be ideal to only carry one bag, but if it's absolutely necessary, then I think that you can take two." Kuroo said. Kenma was starting to doubt that this could be a joke, or something related to one.

"â€|Can- Can I at least ask why?" Kenma asked, hoping to get some kind of answer from his raven haired childhood friend.

"I wish I could tell you, I really do, butâ€| This time you'll have to trust blindlyâ€|"

If this was scary before, it was completely terrifying now.

"O-ok, ok, I-I'll try but, I swear Kuroo if this is a joke I-" But Kenma couldn't finish his sentence because Kuroo cut him off, voice drowned in desperation.

"-NO! It-It's not a joke I swear to whatever you want me to swear to, that this is NOT a joke, Kenma. My God, you have no idea how much I wish for this to be a joke, but it's not. You'll have to take this as serious as it is, and I'll be asking you to do crazy stuff tonight, so please, please trust me, Kenma. Please."

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"I know it's difficult to trust someone so blindly but please, I'm begging you, trust me, do all that I am asking you, and don't ask about it because even if I want to tell you I just can't! Not yet, at least." Kuroo sounded so desperate that it made Kenma's heart clench inside his chest.

This is the first time he's ever heard Kuroo talk this way. Where was his confident and composed friend? The one that always keep his cool no matter what? Kuroo sounded like he was about to cry, and Kenma knew that he simply wouldn't be able to handle that.

"Ok, ok! Kuroo, I-I'll trust you, I promise, just Calm down, please?" It was the first time in all of history that Kenma told Kuroo to calm down. It has always been the other way around.

"Sorry, yeah, I-I'm calm. I'm calm now Just tell me when you are done packing your things." Kuroo's voice was so unsettling that it sent shivers down Kenma's spine.

He slowly started to pack his things, keeping his phone in between his ear and shoulder so he'd be able to pack while paying attention to the deathly silence that was in the other side of the line. He did it just in case his friend had something else to say, but it brought him a bittersweet comfort knowing that Kuroo was there, and that he wasn't completely alone.

Kenma packed different kind of clothes, his electronics and some hygienic products just in case. However, he didn't pack anything home-related or with any kind of sentimental value, because something deep down inside of him told him not to. Kenma had a terrible hunch about all of this.

"Ok, Kuroo, I'm done" He finally said, breaking the deathly silence that the tense situation had brought.

"Ok, good. How many backpacks?"

"Just one."

"Ok, perfect Erm, my next request is a bit weird so Don't freak out, please"

Kenma took a deep breath and then gulped. "Yeah?"

"Well I'll need you to Umm, how do I say this?"

"Just say it." Kenma wanted to believe that he was mentally prepared for whatever this situation could be, but reality wasn't kind like that; and Kenma knew he was fucking afraid and he wanted this to end as soon as possible.

"I'll need you toâ€¦ Ummâ€¦ Get all the money that you can find in your house, please?" Kuroo said this as if waiting for a bomb to explode; and, well, he had been pretty damn close.

"You want me to do WHAT? Kuroo, what the hell?! Packing was one thing, but this? What is this for? What are you planning? What's all of this about?!"

Kenma knew that he couldn't make questions, but how was the right way to react to something like this? This command is even more confusing than the last one, and Kuroo actually had to give him credit for handling the situation for so long.

After his little episode, the place went deathly silent again, at least until Kuroo had the courage to talk again. His voice sounded a bit broken, and Kenma didn't know that this was actually breaking Kuroo's heart. He didn't want to make Kenma go through a situation like this, he didn't want to, but he had no option.

"Kenma- Kenma, lookâ€¦ I-I am so sorry, really, butâ€¦ There's no other option, I-I want to explain, but I can't, not yet. I promise that I'll tell you everything, and that I'll explain it, but firstâ€¦ Just- Just trust me, ok? Justâ€¦ Do it. I-I hate myself right now for asking this from you without giving you any answer, but that's the way it is and-and I can't go against the way things are, soâ€¦ _Please_?"

Kenma had no idea what to answer, or what to do in general. What was Kuroo up to? What was all this? What was _so_ **_important_**?

"â€¦Can I at least, you know, think about it for a moment?" He answered finally, needing time to shut down his mind and leave any kind of logic behind. Kuroo has never let Kenma down, nor has he fooled him or lied to him. Much less has he tried to damage Kenma, soâ€¦? What else could he do but trust in him?

A few minutes later, Kenma spoke again, trying to maintain his voice steady. He truly felt like crying. This situation was scary, and his eyes stung with the familiar sensation of surging tears, but he kept them at bay. He simply couldn't let himself cry, at least not now.

"Y-you need credit cards, orâ€¦?" Kenma couldn't believe what he was about to do.

"No, just physical moneyâ€¦" Kuroo's voice sounded empty, and Kenma could feel that he didn't want to ask something like that to him. And for some strange reason, it was quite comforting.

"â€¦O-ok." He finally said, moving slowly. First, he got his own money, making sure that his room was clear of every single penny that he had, then he went up for his parents' money. It felt _so_ **_wrong_**, and he hated doing it, but he had already gone past the point of no turning back. So he just went through it without

hesitating, his mind completely on autopilot, not thinking about anything that was happening.

At the end, he got approximately \$300. It was actually easy, his parents being heavy sleepers and all of that, but it made him feel dirty. He had just stolen from his own parents! Kenma shook his head, trying not to think about his recent theft. _At least it's over_, Kenma thought as he went to grab his phone again.

"Ok, done." His voice was the empty one this time. He felt kind of numb and slightly tired, but he had done it. He had decided his path the moment he packed his things, soâ€¦| _Let's get this done with_, He thought.

"Goodâ€¦| Now, I'll need you to meet me at the park that's two blocks away from your house."

"Okay" And with that, Kuroo hanged up. Kenma stood still a couple of minutes, just watching his phone's black screen, his mind as empty as his eyes. When he decided that it was enough, he straightened up, took his bag, and glanced around his room for what could very possibly be the last time. He quickly left after that, not wanting to stick around. Because Kenma knew that if he spent more time in there, he'd regret his decision.

He walked around his house one last time, glancing around, committing it to his memory, before he finally went to the front door. Kenma's hand lingered on the door knob, not feeling prepared to leave just yet. He slowly put his bag on the floor, barely hearing a soft _'thud.'_ He turned around and grabbed a nearby pen along with the sticky notes his mother always kept at hand in the coffee table.

Quickly, he wrote a note and went up to his parent's room, pasting the note on a place he was sure they would see it. Then, he went back to the front door and grabbed his bag once more. He quickly opened the door and left, closing it behind him. He walked under the night sky, knowing that he was practically leaving everything he knew behind.

It was obvious that he was escaping, Kuroo got his made intentions crystal clear during the phone call. But after leaving that little note behind, he walked to the meeting point Kuroo had set, without turning around to look back, and without any intentions of coming back.

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When Kenma's parents woke up the next morning to the sound of chaos, the only thing they saw was a note that said:

'**_I'm sorry, but I would do it all over again.'_**

End
file.